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WHERE ALL IS
SWEET.



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WHERE ALL IS SWEET.

"A perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets.
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

MILTON.

15.
9574a

BY ✓

JOHN P. LYONS.



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THE WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY.

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Lowney Building. — World's Columbian Exposition.

A BIT OF REMINISCENCE.



FIFTY-SIX millions!" exclaimed my friend. "Do you mean to say that the World's Fair cost fifty-six millions? What a terrible waste!"

"Waste!" I retorted, not without a touch of pique; "most decidedly not!"

"Well, what good did it do?"

"Good? It did seventy million people good; it made them better men and women, with broader minds, wider information, more general culture. It taught them history, science, art, humanity. It taught them to know others; it taught them to know themselves.

"Now just let me emphasize this last point. Let me take my own case. I am a Boston man; I was born in Boston, and I have always lived in Boston" —

Here my friend hurriedly examined his watch, and excused himself, on the ground of an urgent engagement; evidently thinking that when a Boston man gets on the subject of his native city, retreat is the only safe course. But his fears were groundless. I was merely going to say, that notwithstanding my intimate familiarity with my native town, I learned a great many new things about it during my week at Chicago, and that I saw exhibits from my own Boston that interested me quite as much as anything from Kamschatka or the Tropic of Capricorn.

To illustrate:

Do you remember that wonderful white temple with the dome that stood in the Court of Honor near Music Hall, and just back of the Peristyle? Now, that interested me exceedingly — for four very cogent reasons. First, because it was so beautiful; second, because it was such an excellent idealization of the old Roman temple of the goddess Vesta; third, because I learned from one of the World's Fair officials that this was the only building on the grounds designed and erected by the World's Fair management as a part of the general architectural plan, which had been secured





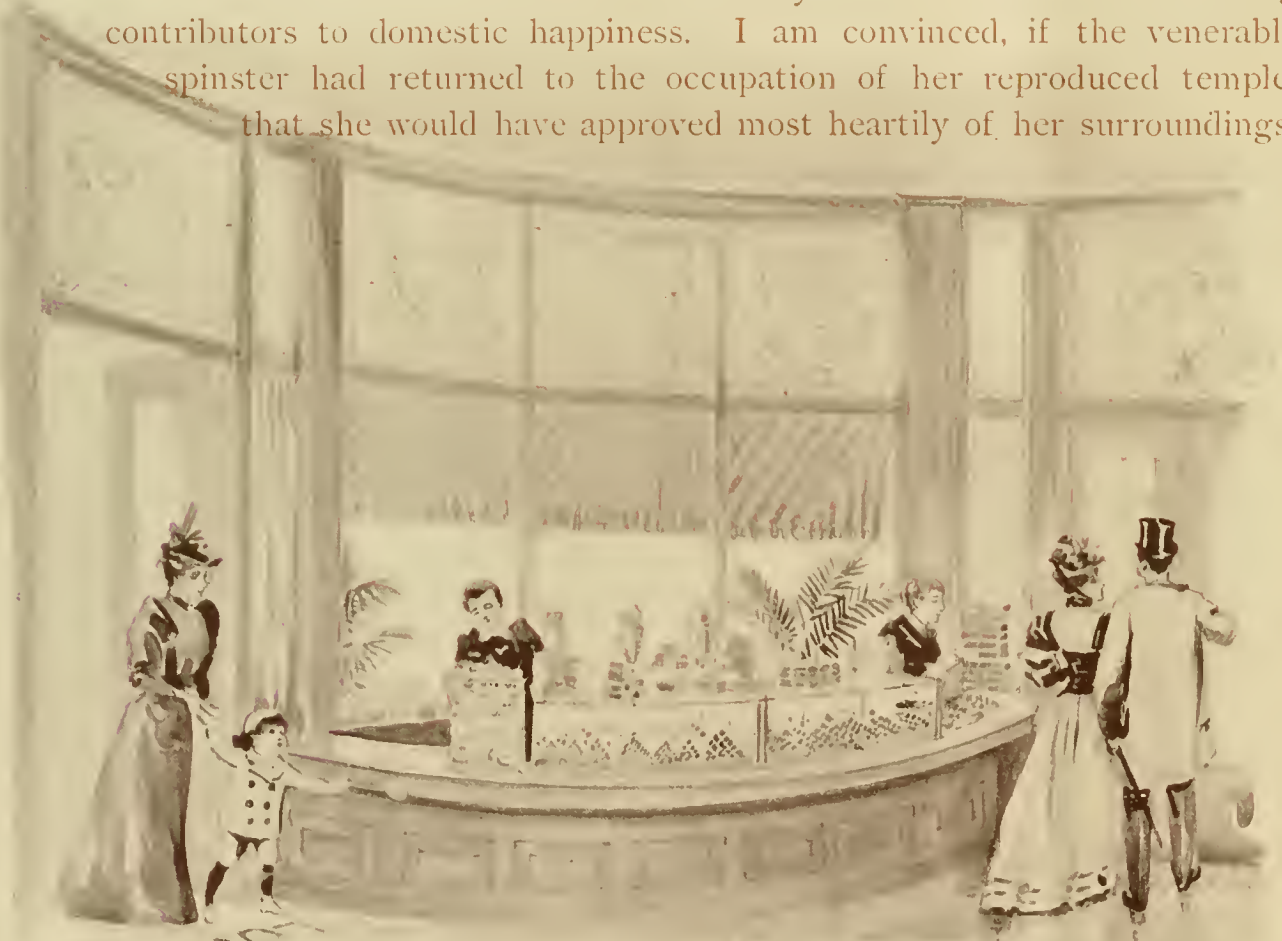
Lower Floor, Lowney Building.



by a private firm for their sole occupancy; and lastly and chiefly, because the enterprising people who had achieved this unique distinction were from Boston—the big chocolate-bonbon makers, THE WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY.

Therefore I did the temple thoroughly.

There were, to be sure, a number of buildings in Jackson Park which had the advantage of the Lowney Temple in size; but there was none more artistic, more architecturally perfect, or more beautiful; and notwithstanding its big and towering neighbors, its sixty feet or so of height, and its fifty odd feet of diameter, with the encircling row of lofty columns, gave it an air of quiet dignity that was most attractive. Nor was it at all inappropriate that the temple of the Vestal goddess, the preserver of domestic happiness, should be converted into a home for the Lowney chocolates—those unfailing contributors to domestic happiness. I am convinced, if the venerable spinster had returned to the occupation of her reproduced temple, that she would have approved most heartily of her surroundings.



Section of Counter.



Exhibition Room, Lowney Building. — World's Columbian Exposition.

There were two floors in the Lowney Temple, connected by a spiral staircase in the centre. The lower floor was a happy illustration of

the effective combination of business and art. There was art everywhere; in the costly stained windows — representing music, reading, dancing, and feasting — which flooded the room with mellow light; in the handsome curving counters of polished woods; in the rich decorations of wall and ceiling; and in the tasteful tiling of the floor. And there was business there. The big showcases of chocolates about the room were not simply for exhibit; the exhibit was up-stairs; they were there to sell — and they sold.

As many as 10,000 people visited the Lowney Temple in a single day. The four doors opening to the north, the south, the east, and the west, were emblematic of the daily throng. They came from every-
Suwanee and the Savannah, and the genial daughters of the boundless West

daily met before the tempting counters. The Texan planter and the Wall street operator elbowed each other for precedence. For the American tooth, be it known, is notoriously a sweet tooth; and this bewildering display of chocolate confections was not to be passed hurriedly by.

But what went straightest to the hearts of the ladies — that is, next to the chocolates themselves —



Ladies' Reception Room.

was the reception room reached by the winding stairs. If out of the thousands of women who visited this room there was one who, on reaching the head of the stairway, did not exclaim, "How perfectly lovely!" it was some Boston sister who exclaimed, "How transcendently exquisite!"

Either way of putting it was a perfect fit. With its mingled shades of gray and gold, pink and blue, its costly draperies and rich upholsteries; with its lofty dome-shaped ceiling, remarkable electrical effects, and beautiful harmony of design, that blended all objects and all colors into a

perfect artistic unity, it is

not to be wondered at

that once in it, vis-

itors were loath

to leave; with the unhappy result that of the large number of people who started up the stairs, many had every day to be turned down again.

The general artistic beauty of this reception room, however, did not serve to distract attention from the object best worth visiting in the whole room,—in fact, in the whole temple—the exhibit of THE WALTER M. LOWNY COMPANY of their various chocolate products. This exhibit was made in three spacious cases; and here was to be seen every conceivable variety of chocolate—cream chocolates and fruit chocolates; nut chocolates and jelly chocolates, and others,



Corner of Office, Lowney Building.



and others, and others; all delicate, delicious, and delightful—assuredly the finest display of the confectioner's art ever made in this country. This is no piece of hyperbole, for the Committee of Awards came to the same decision, giving the Lowney exhibit the highest award given in this class. It is proof that these bonbons must have been admirably constructed, and of great purity and remarkable powers of preservation, that they were able to withstand day after day the thousand devouring glances that were shot at them from every side.

At one side of this room was the office, the manager of which by no means enjoyed a sinecure, as the work of conducting this very large exhibit, and of receiving the constant throng of personal and business callers, was most exacting and engrossing.

It was with great reluctance that those who entered the upper chamber and came under the spell of its aesthetic atmosphere, turned to retrace their steps and get down to plain earth again; and it was while making this reluctant descent that I determined, on returning to Boston, to take a look at the Lowney factory, and if I could get permission, to "do" the place.



Leaving Exhibition Room, Lowney Building.



Main Office, Boston.



Cocoa Pod.

For I reasoned thus: Here am I, a Boston man, who can tell the exact number of books in the Public Library, give the dimensions of Bunker Hill Monument to the fraction of an inch, and repeat most of the epitaphs in the Old Granary Burying-Ground; and yet I evidently have much to learn about my native city, for I have never seen the Lowneys make their chocolates,—the Lowneys, who make by far the greatest number of chocolates made in this great and chocolate-consuming republic.

I resolved therefore to visit the Lowney establishment; and this excellent resolution I have kept.

HOW BONBONS ARE MADE.

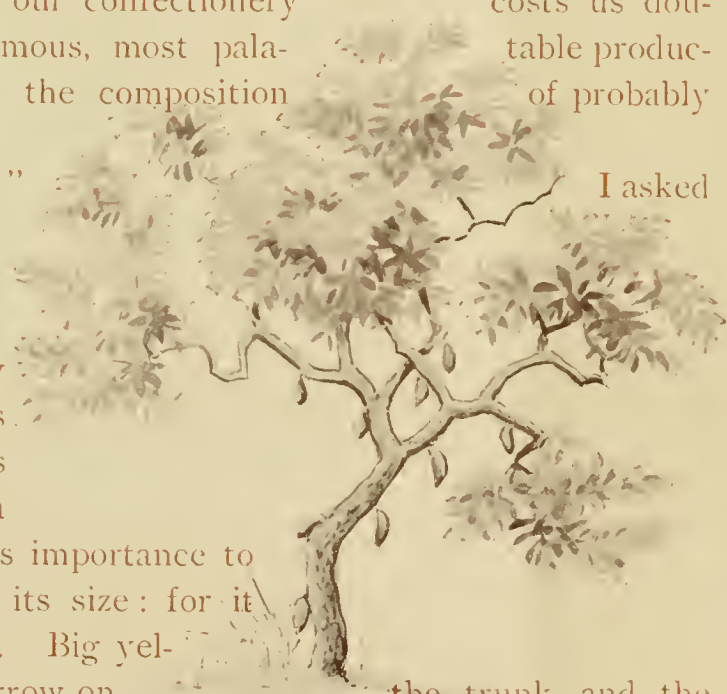


IT is an interesting and almost incredible fact that we Americans spend twice as much a year for our bonbons as we do for ships. Our annual shipbuilding bill, according to the latest census, is about forty millions a year; while our confectionery costs us doubtless more than that; and of this enormous, most palatable production, chocolate enters into the composition of probably one-half.

“What is chocolate?” I asked a friend one day.

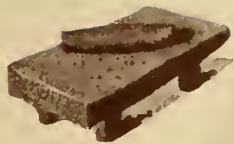
“Why, it’s made of cocoanut shells, I guess,” he said.

A great many other fairly intelligent people would doubtless guess just as badly. Chocolate is made of the cocoa bean. The cocoa tree grows in tropical America. Its importance to the world is not to be judged by its size: for it stands only about twelve feet high. Big yellow pods, shaped like a cucumber, grow on larger branches. These pods are full of aromatic kernels. These are the cocoa



Cocoa Tree.

the trunk and the seeds, with oily beans of com-



ever, they
or crushed.
roller on
but ma-
After



Grinding Cocoa in Old Times.

merce. The pods are gathered and opened, the seeds taken out and dried, and then they are ready for shipment.

Before they are ready for chocolate making, however, they must be roasted and shelled, and then ground. Formerly they were crushed by hand, with a flat stone, most tediously and laboriously; chimes now do the work much more expeditiously. grinding, sugar and vanilla are added, and there's your chocolate.

Every one knows how palatable chocolate is, but few are aware of its extreme nutritiousness. Here is an interesting comparison. The cocoa bean contains fifty-one per cent of cocoa butter, twenty-three per cent of gluten and albumen, thirteen per cent of starch and gum, and only five per cent of water. Compare this with the chemical analysis of lean beef, which contains seventy-two per cent of water, and you see at a glance how much nourishment and strength there are in chocolate. So it is not only a delightful confection, it is a most valuable article of food,—as wholesome as it is toothsome.

THE LOWNEY ESTABLISHMENT.



IF you were to hail a Boston cabman and simply direct him to take you to the heart of the city, he would, without a moment's hesitation, mount his box and drive you straight to the Post Office. An easy two minutes' walk from the Post Office down Pearl street brings you to High street, and there on the corner, extending for six numbers — 97 to 107 — on Pearl street, and a still greater distance on High, stands a building of substantial granite, on whose several doors and across whose expansive front you will see, "THE WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY." Now, if your sweet tooth is one of your weak points, you will need to fortify



A Modern Chocolate Machine.

yourself well before entering here : for you will find temptations thick within.

Passing by numbers 97, 99, 101, 103, and 105, which lead into the shipping and stock rooms,

and entering at 107,

you find yourself in

the office, and a more

spacious and commo-

dious office you certainly have

never seen. I speak of this at

the outset, because you will

find in your excursion over

the building that the office

accurately typifies the

whole establishment —

roominess, air, and light

wherever you go ; there

is no crowding, no

huddling. The spa-

ciousness of the office

strikes you at once. It has a width of about

thirty feet, and runs back one hundred feet and

over. Along the High street side, and across

the back runs a series of private offices, sep-

arated from one another, and from the general

office, by glass partitions. These are occu-

ped by Mr. Lowney, the president of the

company, Mr. Reynolds, the vice-presi-

dent, and their staff of bookkeepers, ste-

nographers, and other assistants ; and a busier group of people is not to be

found in the industrious city of Boston.

A score of long, low tables extend nearly the whole length of the outer

room. On the first of these is a large display case, which gives a most appe-

tizing suggestion of the products of the place. There are assorted chocolates,

chocolate walnuts, dainty little operas, plump marshmallows, lily creams in

chocolate, chocolate cherries, chocolate almonds, chocolate pistachios, and a



Roasting Almonds.

dozen other chocolate-coated dainties. On the other tables, piled as high as your head, are five-pound boxes of chocolates, uncountable in number, and, if not quite infinite in variety, very near it. These are waiting till the busy shippers can pack them into cases, and send them off to the four quarters of the United States, and beyond the seas.



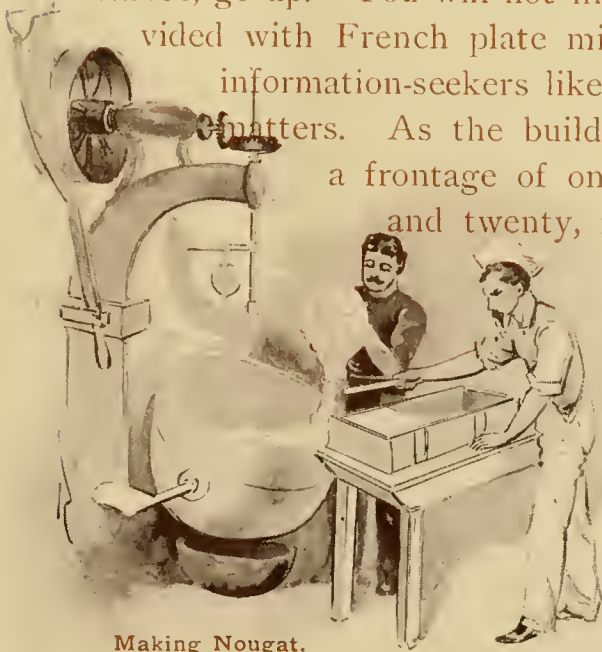
Blanching Almonds.

It would interest you to stroll around for a moment among these towering piles. The plain layman would never have imagined how extensive a family the chocolates are. There are the Nougats, the Caramels, the Clitos, the Pralines, Marcellines, Angeliques, and the Madridos; there are the Walnuts, the Pistache, and the Almonds; the Apricots, Pineapples, and Strawberries; the Jellies, the Wafers, —but this is degenerating into a directory.

In addition to the Boston office, THE LOWNEY COMPANY has offices and warerooms in Chicago, at 279 Madison street, in charge of Mr. J. H. LEWIS, and agencies in New York, St. Louis, and other large cities in the United States, and also in London.

But to see the bonbon made. To start at the bottom, we must in this instance, go up. You will not find the elevator upholstered in damask or provided with French plate mirrors; for it was not intended for luxurious information-seekers like ourselves, but for weightier and more edible matters. As the building has five floors, including basement, with a frontage of one hundred feet and a depth of one hundred and twenty, it will be seen at a glance how large is the

area devoted to the manufacture of the Lowney products. Nor will any surprise be felt that between four hundred and five hundred people are here employed, with a producing capacity of eighteen thousand pounds of candy every day. If you have the mathematical bent, you might multiply this eighteen thousand pounds by the number of working days in a year, and then



Making Nougat.

you will get some idea how much THE LONEY COMPANY is capable of doing towards sweet- ening the acerbities of human life.

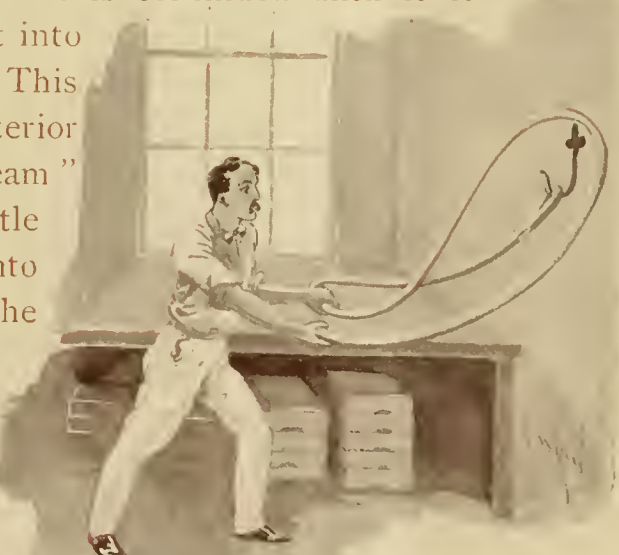


Cutting Nougat.

THE BIG KETTLES.

You might keep on to the top floor, dropping back a flight at a time; but you will get a clearer understanding of the matter if you simply start with the bonbon and follow wherever it leads. Adopting this plan, you had best alight at the second floor. The first thing that strikes your eye is a row of enormous cauldrons, shining like mirrors, each big enough to hold several barrels of sugar. If you look over the rim, you will see a seething, boiling vortex of sweetness, being forever stirred by some inner unseen power. This is the first stage of candy making. When this boiling mixture has reached the proper degree, it is poured on large cooling tables — a dark-colored, glassy, molten mass. It is left there until cool, when stalwart fellows, with arms like Sandow's, stand one at either end of each table and work it with a long paddle, pushing it backwards and forwards, twisting it, and putting it through the greatest variety of convolutions, and involutions, and evolutions. This is continued until it is worked to a creamy white, when it is put into large tubs and left for a week to mellow. This is called "cream," and constitutes the interior of the chocolate cream. After the "cream" has duly mellowed, it is put into the kettle again and melted, and then poured into moulds. It is during this remelting that the flavoring and coloring are added.

Speaking of flavors and colors, it may not be out of place to remark just here that at this establishment only pure fruit flavors and pure vegetable colors are ever used.



Pulling Clito.

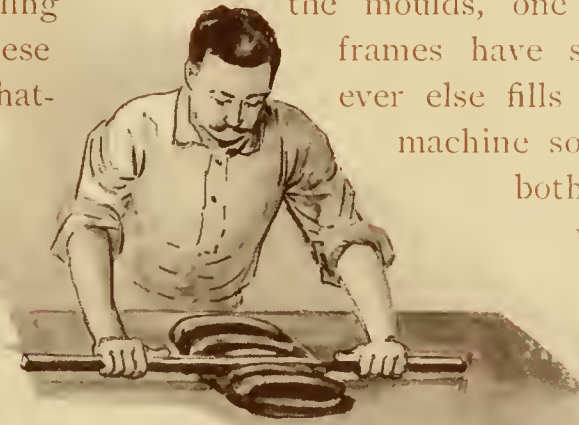
THE MOULDING ROOM.



PASSING through the door at the right, you enter the moulding room. Here spread along on tables are little wooden frames, about two feet long and one wide, and a few inches deep, filled with corn starch. In this starch the moulds are pressed, two hundred to a frame; some for cream, some for jelly, and others for other sorts of bonbons; and the workmen, each with a funnel-shaped dipper of the melted cream, pass along by the frames, filling the moulds, one at a time, in rapid succession. After these frames have stood for some time, and the cream, or ever else fills the moulds, is firm, they are put into a machine somewhat resembling a threshing-machine,



both in its appearance and in its work, and when they emerge again, the frames come out at one end, refilled with starch, ready for another filling, and the candies come out at another end, as clean as a whistle.



In still another room on this floor, you will come upon a score or two of girls engaged in icing or glazing several varieties of bonbons; some of jelly, some of French

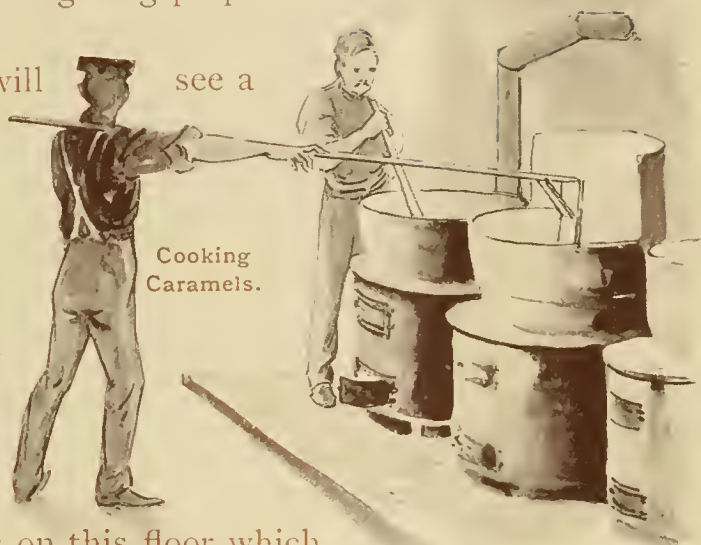


Cooking and Cutting Clito.

strawberry, pineapple, or other fruits, and some of nuts. Each girl has a little kettle of the icing or *fondant* in front of her, which is kept warm by an encircling steam jacket; and one by one the bonbons are taken

up on a slender fork, dipped into the sugaring preparation, and arranged on trays.

At the back of this room you will see a compartment some twenty feet long by ten or a dozen wide, with glass sides, and looking not unlike a large refrigerator. If you open the door and step in, you will find it a refrigerator reversed, for you need stay only a few minutes to enjoy a very fine free Turkish bath. This is the crystalizing room.



There are twenty other things on this floor which you ought to see; but this is a flying trip, and we must not loiter unduly.

PULLING THE "CLITO."

EMBARKING on the elevator again and mounting another flight, we step out into a large, long room, with a row of shining kettles down the side, and a row of big marble-covered tables down the middle. We might, with propriety, call this the clito room, such enormous quantities of this delightful delicacy are made here. Clito, if you are so unfortunate as to be unfamiliar with it, is, in its final estate, a crisp molasses chip, with a covering of chocolate.

Like the cream in the room below, clito is first cooked in a big kettle, and then poured out on a slab and worked and kneaded; but the next step is the one that distinguishes clito, both in its methods of manufacture and in the result obtained, from all the other products of the factory; for after a proper amount of paddling on the slab, it is hung on a lofty iron hook



and pulled. If you chance to be there when the muscular puller is at work, you will see an exhibition of practical athletics quite as entertaining as anything you ever saw in a gymnasium. If the Harvard crew had the pull of LOWNEY's elite men, I am quite sure the Yale boys would sell their boats and give all their time to their books. Pulling the clito makes it wonderfully light and brittle. After it has been brought to the right consistency, it is stretched out into a long ribbon, stamped off in the proper lengths, and broken.



Wrapping Caramels.

You will doubtless find various other preparations cooking in the several kettles, some stirred automatically, others by hand. You will usually find two men at each kettle, for two experienced heads are none too many in the intricate art of candy-cooking. You will see one man constantly taking the temperature of the boiling mass with a thermometer. You are likely to come upon at least one fragrant kettle of caramel candy. This is not pulled like the clito, nor is it run into moulds like the cream; it is simply poured out on the marble-topped tables, allowed to cool, and then cut into the little square shapes which afford such unspeakable delight to the mighty army of American school girls, and the rest of us.



And here, also, revolving almond-holds several hundred nuts at a time, and uniformly to the same there isn't a hair's breadth's It is only the finest grade of almond and after they come out they are

is the great round, roaster, which drest pounds of treats them all so delicious brown that difference in the lot. almonds that go into this roaster; given a covering of chocolate.

In the adjoining room, they are making nougat, which is made of honey, the white of eggs, sugar, and various nuts, pistachio and almond nuts being chiefly used. After cooking, it is pressed into forms a yard or so long, and a foot wide, and perhaps two inches deep. When cold, it is cut by machinery into the form with which, it is to be hoped, you are quite familiar. You will come across several formidable egg-beaters here, and a large machine for blanching nuts, and several filbert roasters. You will see a number of girls

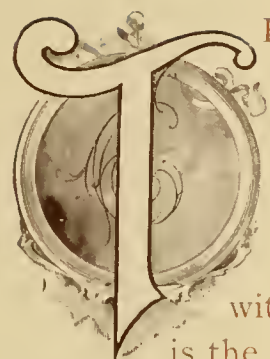


Making Cream.

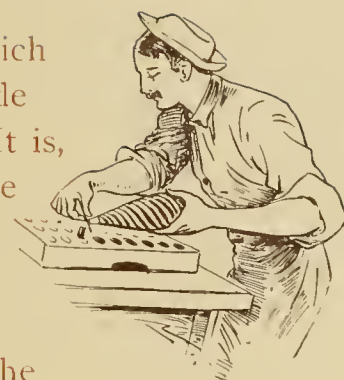
hard at work at long tables, sorting nuts. These nuts come from all over the world; the pistachios, of which THE LOWNEY COMPANY uses great quantities, coming from far-away Persia.

You may, if you choose, open a door at the rear of this room and visit the drying room. They do not need to hang any "This is our busy day" sign here; for a very few moments of its one hundred and fifty degrees will be all you want. You will find on every floor of the factory one or two of these hot rooms, and generally a cold room or two, for temperature is an important factor in candy-making.

THE GIRLS' ROOM



HERE is another large room on this floor which is well worth visiting, though no candy is made there, except, possibly, made to disappear. It is, in many respects, the pleasantest room in the whole establishment, occupying a south-east corner and looking out on both streets, with at least a dozen ample windows. This is the girls' room. Here they go the first thing in the morning to hang away their coats and hats, each in her individual locker; and here they all come at night after their day's work is over, to wash up and get ready for home.



It is at the noon hour, however, that the place is best worth visiting, for then you will see two or three hundred girls seated at the tables, taking their lunch. The company supplies them with tea and coffee without charge. This is not only a great convenience, but a very great saving for the girls.

Two hundred and fifty cups a day for, let us say, three hundred days in the year, is seventy-five thousand



Casting Cream.

cups. Now, if you happen to know how much it costs to make an excellent cup of tea or coffee, you can guess pretty closely the annual dimensions of the tea and coffee appropriation. I think you will find it quite a handsome *pourboire*.

To catch the fair candy-makers at the most interesting moment, however, you must look in a few minutes after lunch. Then the scene is one of extraordinary gayety for a down-town noon hour. When a number of healthy and right-minded girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five are left to their own devices, they invariably dance. If Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday had been a couple of eighteen-year-old New England maidens, they wouldn't have bothered for a moment with footprints in the sand and floating shipwrecks; they would have smoothed off a place on the island somewhere, and gone to waltzing. Lunch over, the Lowney girls go skimming up and down the long, airy room with all the grace of a *première danseuse*. If you want to book up on the latest thing in polkas, galops, or quadrilles, I know of no other place where you can get so many authoritative points in so short a space of time. The music? Well, that is improvised, or else entirely imaginary; but the dancing couldn't be better if they had the entire Symphony Orchestra.

Back of the girls' room there is a smaller room, also equipped with lockers, lavatories, tables, and chairs, for the use of the men, who are also daily served with tea and coffee free of all charge.

As long as we are doing the building, we might run up another flight to the top floor. This need not delay us long, for most of the work here is similar to that in the first room we visited, consisting chiefly of the melting of cream and the filling of moulds. We will find one room there filled with lofty piles of moulding frames, reaching one on top of another from floor to ceiling where they cool and harden until they are ready to go in the big separating machine we have already seen. It would be a sad oversight, however, to leave this floor without stopping to admire for a moment the plump white marshmallows that stand there marshalled in such solid and tempting array.





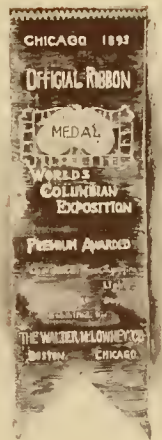
Dipping Bonbons.

THE FINISHING ROOMS.



UT all this time you have probably been asking, Where is the chocolate? for THE LOWNEY Co. is especially noted for its chocolates. The elevator will answer this question with great promptness. Don't get out till you come to a dead stop at *terra firma*, for the chocolate rooms are on the ground floor beneath the offices.

You will certainly say that the best has been kept till the last, for this is much the most picturesque and entertaining part of the big factory. Here are two large rooms running the whole length of the building, filled with girls, sitting close together under the electric lights, all as busy as bees, covering with chocolate the varied products of the upper rooms. Younger girls flitting about the room, in and out the aisles, keep all the workers supplied with creams and fruits and other unfinished products. These are tossed, a handful at a time,





into thick, liquid chocolate; and when a second later they emerge one at a time from their bath, and are lined up in orderly array on little trays, they are as brown as berries, and ready to go out into the great world which is so ready to receive them. You will certainly be amazed at the rapidity with which these clever young women work; many of them swaying rhythmically from side to side, keeping time with the swift movement of their fingers. The same young girls that bring the workers their material, carry away the trays of the finished bonbons.

These trays or placques have a distinctive feature. At set intervals on each there are raised letters arranged in circular form, spelling the name "LOWNEY;" and as each piece of work is finished — chocolate cream, nougat, bonbon, or whatever it may be — it is placed over one of these stamps. When it hardens, you have the name "LOWNEY" firmly printed in the bottom. Now this is a very

simple arrangement, but a most significant one, for it tells the whole story of the LOWNEY establishment, — it wants to be known by its works. It wishes no better



One of Chocolate Covering Rooms.

Packing Chocolates.



advertisement, nor any other recommendation than its products. To the public at large, this name stamped on the bottom means still more. It means an absolute guarantee of purity and wholesomeness. It is a whole warranty deed in

condensed form. Wherever you eat a piece of LOWNEY chocolate, in Boston or New York or Kalamazoo, or on the banks of the Ganges, you know that it is made of the very best that enters into the confectioner's art.

Possibly you may smile at the thought of a LOWNEY chocolate on the banks of the Ganges; but they go farther than that. Many a case of them has found its way to far-off Australia, as fresh and palatable as the day they left their native Boston, for purity and cleanliness are, in confectionery as well as among human kind, marvellous preservers of sweetness and youth.

Both the dark- and the light-colored chocolate are used in the LOWNEY works. Some people prefer the dainty delicacy of the light; others the greater strength and richness of the dark.

PACKING THE BONBONS.

BETWEEN the two large finishing rooms is the packing room, where half a hundred girls or more are vying with one another to see which will fill the greatest number of boxes. This is no pell-mell, helter-skelter work, but everything is done regularly and in order. Every piece has to take its proper place in the row, every row be even, and every layer uniform; and every box be scrupulous in weight. Machinery could not be more exact, nor could those fingers fly more quickly if





they moved by electricity. It is no reflection whatever upon the young ladies of this department to say that they distinctly belong to the light-fingered sisterhood. Here and there is a girl with a pair of scales before her, proving the weight of each box; on one scale a box of bonbons, on the other a five-pound weight, and a pasteboard box with all the cardboard partitions of the filled box, thus insuring full weight of confectionery to the uttermost ounce.

You must have noticed how large a part of the work is done by hand. Many machines have been introduced into candy-making, and you will find a great number of them in the LOWNEY factory; but it still remains true that in the greater part of this work, the human hand is the better workman. It is more intelligent and discriminating. But in a large establishment like this, there is, of course, a great deal of mechanical work to be done. There are elevators to be run, kettles to be heated, rooms to be lighted, hot rooms to be kept hot, and cold rooms to be kept cold, and a hundred other things to be done that can be done best by steam and electricity; so, while you are on the ground floor, you might step out the rear door and just glance at the engine house, with its great engines, its dynamos and motors, and its big, forbidding boilers. All the light, heat, cold, and motive power of the place are generated here.

Perhaps the freezing apparatus may interest you most. Next to one of the finishing rooms runs a long tank, one hundred feet long, ten wide, and as high as your head. It is full of brine, and through this brine run hundreds of pipes, into which



ammonia gas is sprayed. This ammonia, evaporating in the pipe, draws all the heat out of the surrounding brine, and sends

Cold Storage.



of solid ice. This pumped through keeps the rooms at any even on the hottest day in summer.

its temperature down below the zero point.

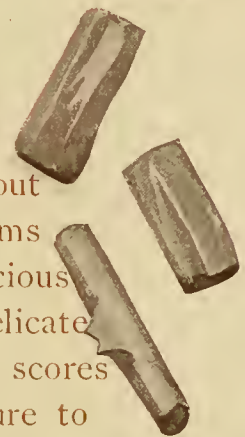
If you were to lower a pail of fresh water nearly to its brim in this brine, you would soon have a cake cold brine is coils of pipe and desired temperature



THE STOREROOMS.

On leaving these lower rooms, where the chocolate is put upon the bonbons — and you will leave these rooms with great reluctance, whether because of the delicious fragrance of the chocolate, the omnipresence of delicate confections, or the aggregate magnetism of so many scores of blue, brown, black, and hazel eyes, I shall not venture to say — you will come up into the storerooms, on the same floor with the office. Here you will find a large room cooled by the big pipes of brine, and used for cold storage. By putting their wares in this room, they have the same temperature the year around, so that they leave the factory in exactly the same condition in August as in January.

You will find here in this room, and in the outer room, great piles of cases, — very strong cases, for confectionery is heavy, — ready for shipment to all the forty-four



Stock Room.



States of the Union, the sundry Territories, to South America, to England, and even to the distant antipodes.

It is quite true of a great many things that we daily eat and enjoy, that if we were to see them made, we should no longer enjoy them nor eat them ; but the reverse is true of the LOWNEY confections, for after making a careful inspection of the whole building from

top to bottom, and seeing the various sorts of

confection-ery there manufactured grow from the sugar in the cauldron to the finished



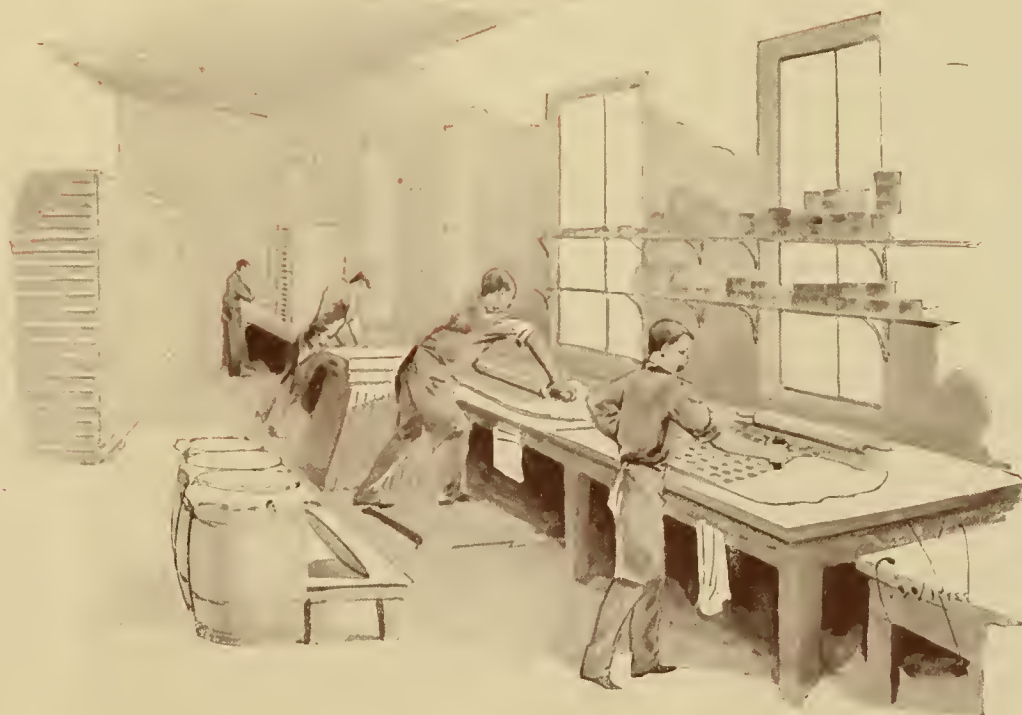


Shipping Room.

bonbon in the box, your appetite for LOWNEY chocolates will increase immediately and abide with you forever; for the presiding genius of the place, the patron saint that rules from roof to basement, extending his sway into every nook and corner, is cleanliness; and if, as old John Wesley used to say, "Cleanliness is next



to godliness" — a statement that no one has ever shown any disposition to question — it is not to be wondered at that a bonbon that has been born and brought up in the LOWNEY establishment should be so invariably, deliciously, and marvellously good.



Making Wafers.

After I had been all over the big factory and watched its workings from roof to basement, and was going away



At Dinner.

with a couple of beautiful little dainty half-pound boxes of their product under my arm, I asked myself (your true New Englander is always putting questions) — “ Now, in all this great institution which I have examined so carefully and found so interesting, what is the most

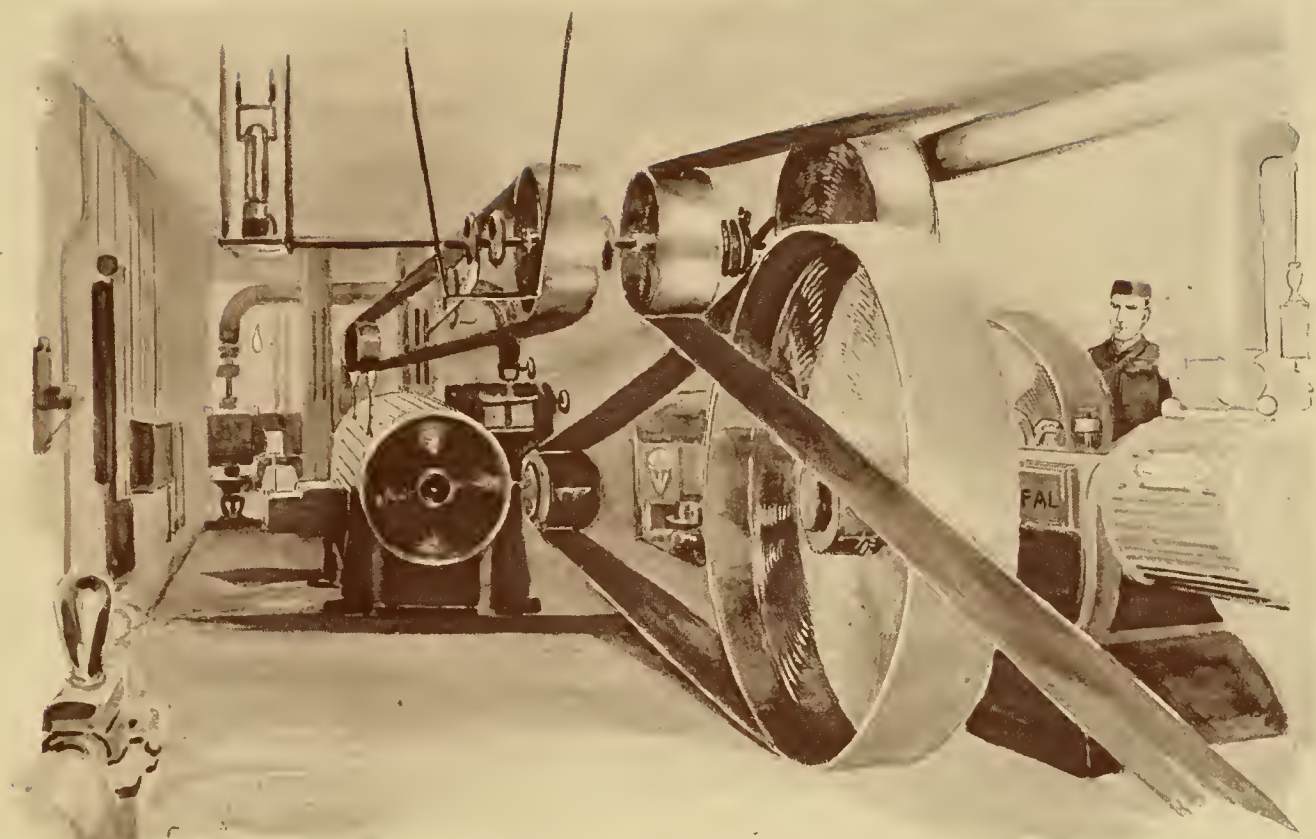
What is it that has made these people the largest manufacturers of chocolate bonbons in America? What is it that made it possible for them to give that superb—and I think I may safely add, highly expensive—exhibit at the World’s Fair?”

important thing that I have seen?

And after thinking it over I came to the conclusion that it was not their vast area of floor space, their big engines and dynamos, or their large company of skilled workmen; for these were rather the result of their prosperity than its secret. It was not even, I thought, the fact that they stamped their name on every piece of confectionery that left their doors; for a name in itself means nothing. “The keynote to their success,” I concluded, after revolving the matter all over in my mind—“the secret of those busy offices and bustling shipping rooms—is the one word ‘Purity.’” Their chocolate is *pure* chocolate, nothing being added to the wonderfully nutritious cocoa except sugar and vanilla; all their fruit flavorings are as pure as the fruits themselves; and from the time the sugar is melted in the cauldron to the moment the finished bonbon is so tastily packed in its handsome box, nothing enters into its composition to



After Dinner.



Engine Room.

give it color, taste or consistency that impairs its purity even to an atom's weight.

“That,” I said, “is the secret. And it is the reputation for pure goods which the house enjoys that gives the name ‘LOWNEY,’ printed on every piece. its meaning and its value. To paraphrase the motto of an eminent metropolitan publication which reads, “If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so,” THE LOWNEY COMPANY might properly adopt as their shibboleth, “If there's ‘LOWNEY’ on the bottom, it's PURE.”



Boilers.

World's Columbian Commission

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Dear Sirs : — I herewith enclose you an official copy of your Award which, in due time, will be inscribed in the Diploma and forwarded to your present address, unless otherwise indicated by you.

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DEPARTMENT A. — AGRICULTURE.

8979

Exhibitor, THE WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY.

Address, Boston, Massachusetts.

Group 3, Class 27.

Exhibit, CHOCOLATE BONBONS.

AWARD.

This exhibit comprises three qualities and shades of color in a great variety of styles, some of them being quite novel and original. The entire display is highly commendable, the keeping qualities of the goods being especially so; the quality of materials, their compounding and finish is of the highest order: the care with which the goods are packed is specially noted as insuring their safe carriage, and the artistic excellence of the packages is a characteristic feature: these goods are prepared by a process which enables them to withstand extreme heat, and they retain their forms and freshness in all purity and good-eating qualities for an unusual length of time. This exhibit is of the highest excellence in all points.

(Signed) JAMES C. SIMM, *Individual Judge.*

Approved: GEO. C. TAYLOR, *President Departmental Committee.*

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER, *Chairman Executive Committee on Awards.*

Date: April 23, 1894.





THE WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY.

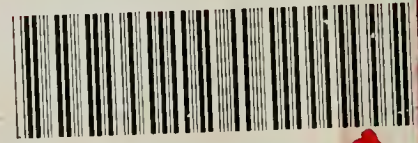
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